

NO.

14

# BLACK HOOD

comics

SPRING

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MAGAZINE







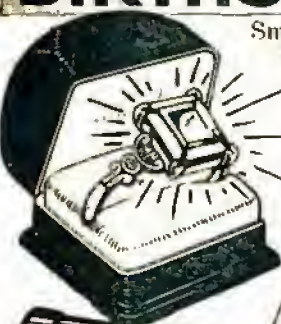
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☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

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Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....

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# The Black Hood

IN  
DEATH  
COUNTS  
TEN

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY

BY  
W. H. RICH





BEEJABBERS! THE CHAMP IS SURE! GETTIN' A SHEL-LACKIN', HUH KIP?

YEAH! AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THAT KID, BRADLEY, IS GOING TO BE THE NEW CHAMP, SARGE!

BOMBER BRADLEY'S APPARENTLY OF THE SAME OPINION AS HE CLOSES IN ON THE CHAMP FOR THE KILL!

I GOT HIM! NOW FOR THE MONEY PUNCH!

WHAT'S THIS! BRADLEY SEEMS TO BE HOLDING OFF!

THE SUCKER! HE HAD ME COLD! NOW HE'S STANDING THERE WIDE OPEN!

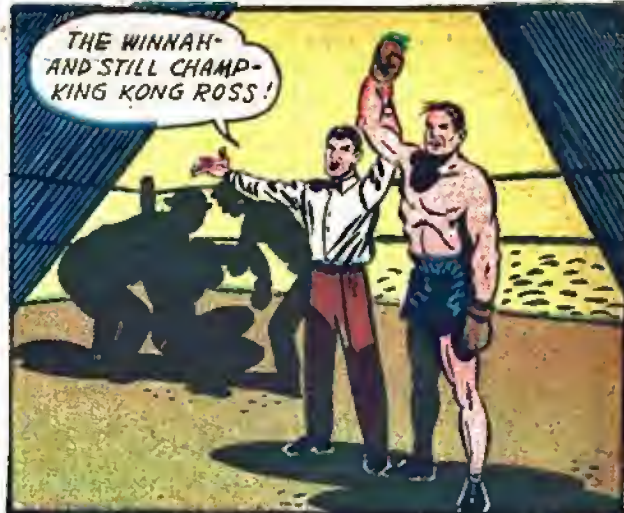
THE FANS WATCH IN AMAZED DISBELIEF, AS THE CHAMP, SUMMONING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, THROWS ONE LAST PUNCH— And Connects!

FAKE! FAKE!

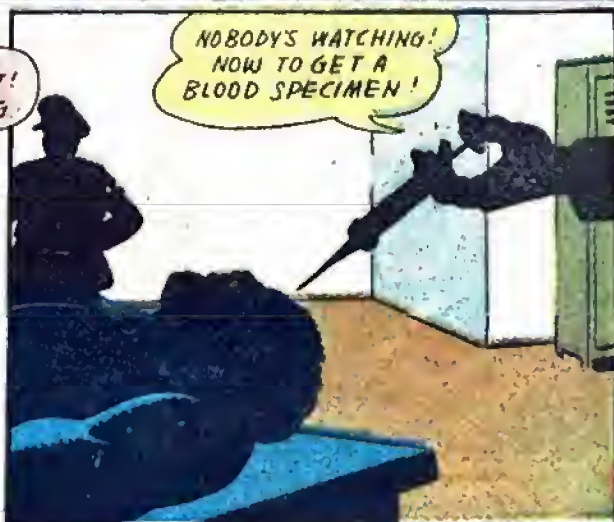
GET UP, YOU PHONEY!

HE'S TAKIN' A DIVE!











HOURS LATER

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING KIP. NOTHING WRONG. I'D SAY!

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS ONE TIME I WAS OFF BASE!



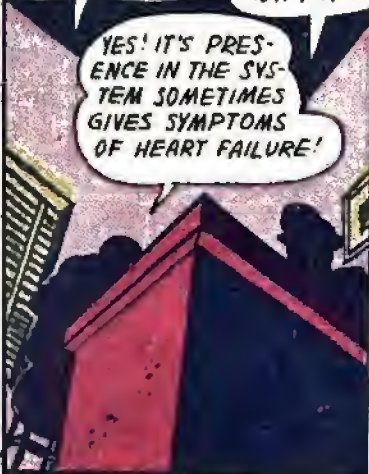
WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST THOUGHT OF ONE MORE TEST. IT'S PRETTY FAR-FETCHED BUT...



... I'LL GIVE IT A TRY! EVER HEAR OF CURARE, KIP?

THAT'S A SOUTH AMERICAN POISON. ISN'T IT?

YES! IT'S PRESENCE IN THE SYSTEM SOMETIMES GIVES SYMPTOMS OF HEART FAILURE!



ZOWIE! A RE-ACTION! THERE'S CURARE IN HERE!



DO ME A FAVOR! KEEP IT QUIET A WHILE, WILL YOU DOC? I DON'T WANT A REPORT TURNED IN JUST YET!



IT'S A LITTLE IRREGULAR, KIP. BUT, OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO!

THANKS! IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER TO CATCH THE KILLER IF HE THINKS NOBODY'S WISE!

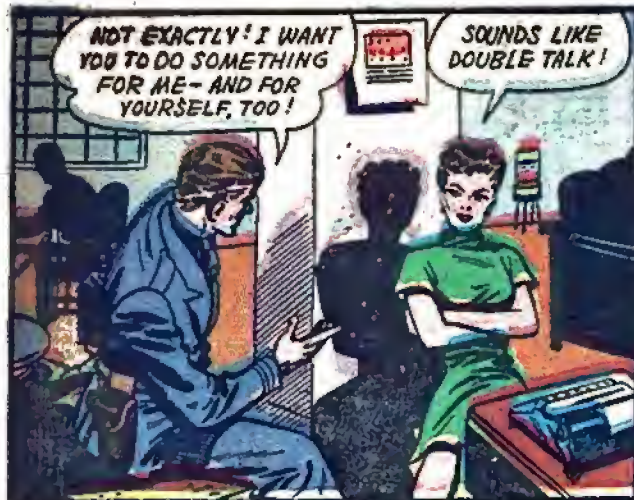


HIYA, MISS JUTTON, HOW'S THE NORTHVILLE COURIER'S ACE REPORTER?

HELLO, KIP! WHY THE SOCIAL CALL? OR IS IT SOCIAL?







NOT EXACTLY! I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME - AND FOR YOURSELF, TOO!

SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE TALK!



HERE'S THE SET-UP. BRADLEY, THE FIGHTER WAS POISONED. MAYBE KING KONG, THE CHAMP HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT - AND MAYBE NOT. BUT HE'S VERY TALKATIVE - **WITH WOMEN!**



YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO PUMP HIM?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



LEAVE HIM TO ME, KIP!



NEXT DAY

THIS IS HIS HOTEL. NOW TO WAIT FOR HIM IN THE LOBBY!



OH, OH! HERE HE COMES!



WATCH DIS GAG, SNITCH!







WHERE DO YA  
THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?  
I TOLD YA WE GOT  
IMPORTANT BUSINESS.  
DIDN'T I?

SNITCH! SOMETIMES  
YOUSE ANNOY  
ME!

OWOOO...ME  
EYES! I'M  
BLIND!

THE NEXT FEW DAYS ARE VERY BUSY ONES FOR  
BARBARA SUTTON AS SHE PUTS HER PLAN INTO EFFECT-

WHO DID YOU  
SAY YOUR MAN-  
AGER WAS  
CHAMP?

I DIDN'T  
SAY, BABE!

CLUB  
HI-LO

WON'T YOU TELL  
ME MORE ABOUT  
YOUR LAST FIGHT?

NOT NOW!  
SOME  
ODDER  
TIME-  
GLUG-  
GLUG.

HELLO, KIP! NO LUCK  
AGAIN TONIGHT! HE'S  
TOUGHER TO CRACK!  
THAN I THOUGHT!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO  
TURN A REPORT IN AFTER  
ALL. I'VE HELD IT UP TOO  
LONG ALREADY!



WAIT, KIP!  
I'VE GOT ONE  
MORE ACE IN  
THE HOLE!

AND IN CASE  
IT WORKS, IT MIGHT  
BE A GOOD IDEA IF  
THE BLACK HOOD  
WERE AROUND!

HIYA KEEED!  
WHAT KEPT YOU  
SO LONG! I THOUGHT  
YA STOOD ME UP!

I AM, CHAMP! PERMAN-  
ENTLY! - WE'RE  
THROUGH!

HAW, HAW-  
VER KIDDIN'!

NO, I'M NOT! I  
THINK I'M WASTING  
MY TIME WITH  
YOU!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE CHAMP MUCH  
LONGER. YOU'RE GETTING  
TOO OLD. YOU ALMOST GOT  
LICKED BY BRADLEY! SO WHY  
FOOL AROUND WITH A GUY  
ON HIS WAY OUT!

WHO'S ON HIS WAY  
OUT! LISTEN KID,  
MARTY MALONE'S  
A PRETTY SMART  
MANAGER, SEE?  
WIT HIM AROUND  
I'M GONNA BE CHAMP  
FOR A LONG TIME!

MARTY  
MALONE! I  
THOUGHT HE  
WAS BRADLEY'S  
MANAGER!

STRICTLY FOR DA  
SUCKERS! WE GOT A  
SECRET CONTRACT HE'LL  
FIX ANYBODY DAT LOOKS  
TOO GOOD - JUST LIKE  
HE FIXED BRADLEY!

SO IF IT'S CHAMPS  
YA LIKE, YA BETTER  
STICK WIT' ME!

MAYBE I  
BETTER AT  
THAT!





I'VE GOTTA RUN NOW!  
I'LL BE SEEING YOU  
CHAMP!

USUAL PLACE ANY  
TIME. HUH BABE?  
S'LONG!



WHAT A STORY!  
MARTY MALONE MURDERS  
HIS OWN FIGHTER!  
WAIT'LL KIP HEAR IT!



GET 'EM  
UP SISTER-  
AND FOLLOW  
ME!



WELL, WELL, IF IT  
ISN'T THE LITTLE GIRL  
WITH THE NOSE FOR  
NEWS! DIDN'T FIGURE  
I HAD AN APARTMENT  
NEXT TO THE CHAMP'S  
DIDJA?



HERE'S SOME MORE FOR THAT  
STORY YOU'RE NEVER GONNA  
PRINT. I ONLY OWNED A SMALL  
PIECE OF BRADLEY AND IF  
HE WON, MY CUT ON HIM  
WOULD'VE COME TO PEANUTS!



I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LOSE THE FIGHT  
EVERY WAY I KNEW WITHOUT HIS GETTIN'  
WISE. THEY DIDN'T WORK SO I SPONGED  
HIM WITH CURARE BETWEEN ROUNDS!



MR. \_\_\_\_\_



FUNNY! I  
COULDA SWORN  
SOMEBODY KNOCKED!



GULP.. DA  
**BLACK  
HOOD!**



NEVER TURN YOUR  
BACK ON A LADY,  
SNITCH. IT'S NOT  
POLITE -AND SOME-  
TIMES IT'S **PLAIN  
DUMB!**



GOOD GRIEF! THE **RECORDING  
MACHINE!** IT WAS IN MY BAG!



I.. I CAN'T LOOK, HOOD!  
I JUST KNOW I BROKE IT!  
THE YEAR'S BEST STORY  
AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST  
THESE KILLERS SHATTERED  
IN A MILLION PIECES!









OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR  
IT, SUCKER! I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHO'S DA CHAMP  
AND WHO'S DA  
CHUMP!

I'M WAITING  
TO BE SHOWN!



GET UP CHAMP.  
HE CAN'T HURT  
US!



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN THE  
STORY BREAKS—







HOW ABOUT  
A STATEMENT  
FOR THE  
PRESS,  
SARGE?

WELL, I DON'T  
WANT ALL  
THE CREDIT  
BOYS!

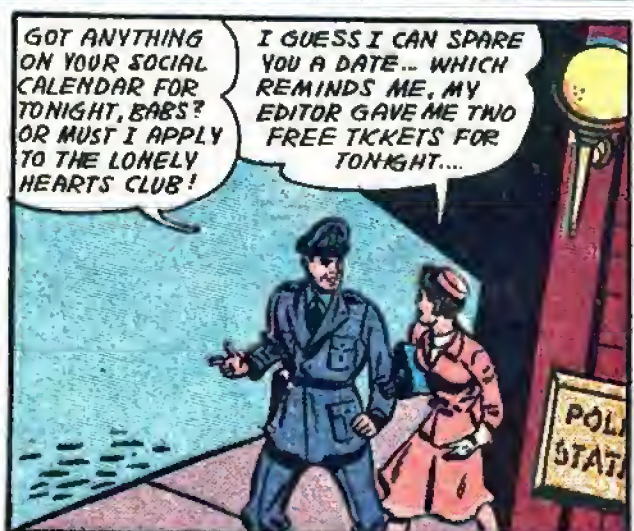


AFTER ALL, PATROLMAN  
BURLAND DID HELP!  
I SUSPECTED THAT  
GUY MALONE ALL  
ALONG, SO I PUT KIP  
ON HIS TRAIL. HE  
BROUGHT 'EM IN OF  
COURSE. BUT I'M THE  
ONE BLA- BLA-  
BLA- BLA...



I THINK THIS IS  
WHERE WE CAME  
IN BABS!

SURE I HAVE A  
RECORDING. BUT I  
REALLY DON'T NEED  
IT! WHEN I START  
GRILLING 'EM. BLA-  
BLA...



GOT ANYTHING  
ON YOUR SOCIAL  
CALENDAR FOR  
TONIGHT, BABS?  
OR MUST I APPLY  
TO THE LONELY  
HEARTS CLUB!

I GUESS I CAN SPARE  
YOU A DATE... WHICH  
REMINDS ME, MY  
EDITOR GAVE ME TWO  
FREE TICKETS FOR  
TONIGHT...



...TO A PRIZE  
FIGHT!

HUH!



ER... SUPPOSE  
WE JUST MAKE  
IT A MOVIE!

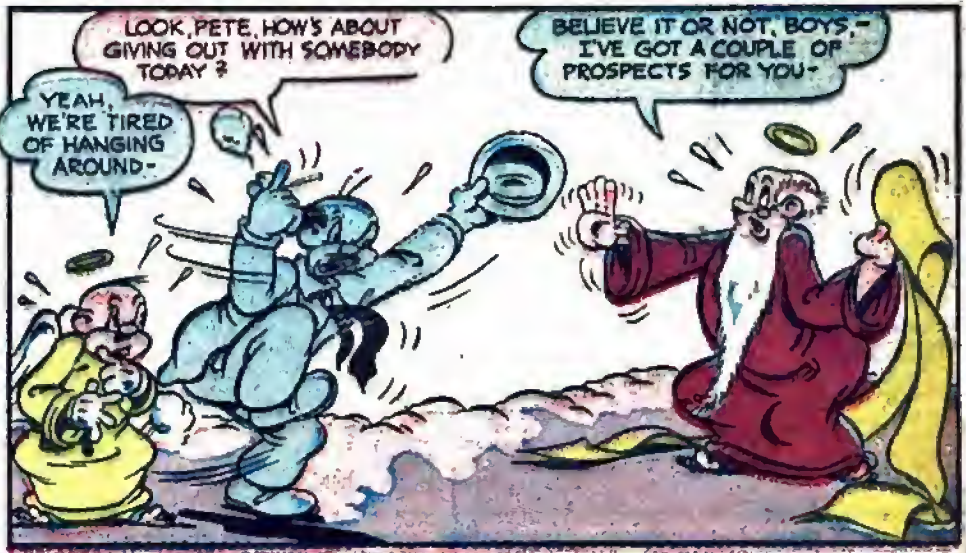
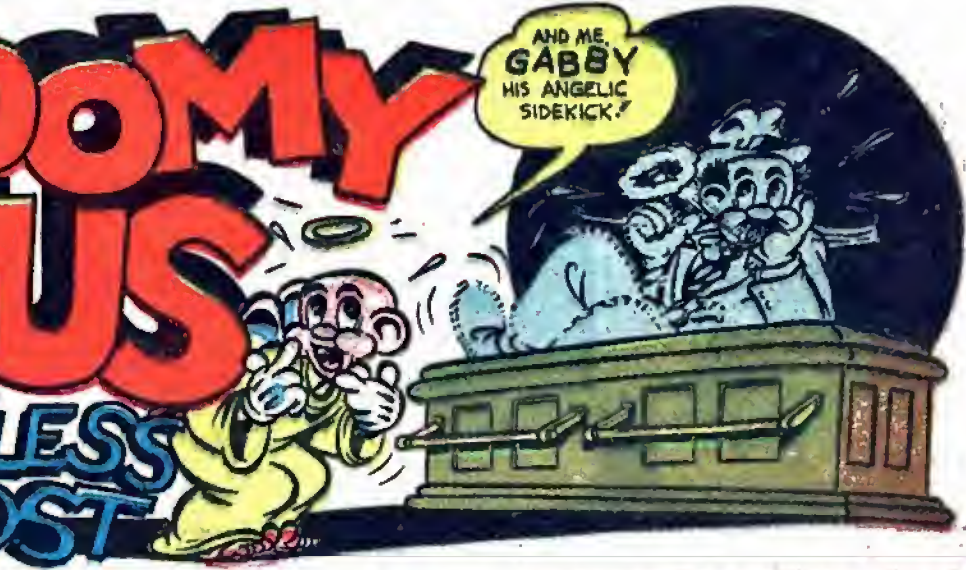


# GLOOMY GUS

## THE HOMELESS GHOST

by  
"RED"  
HOLMDALE

AND ME,  
GABBY  
HIS ANGELIC  
SIDEKICK!



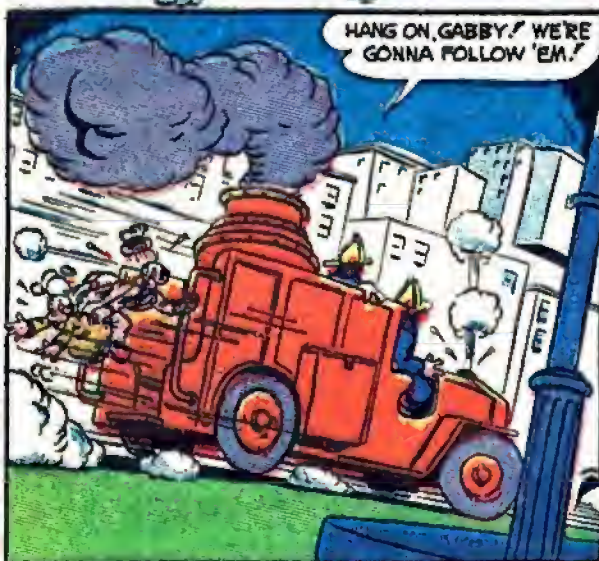
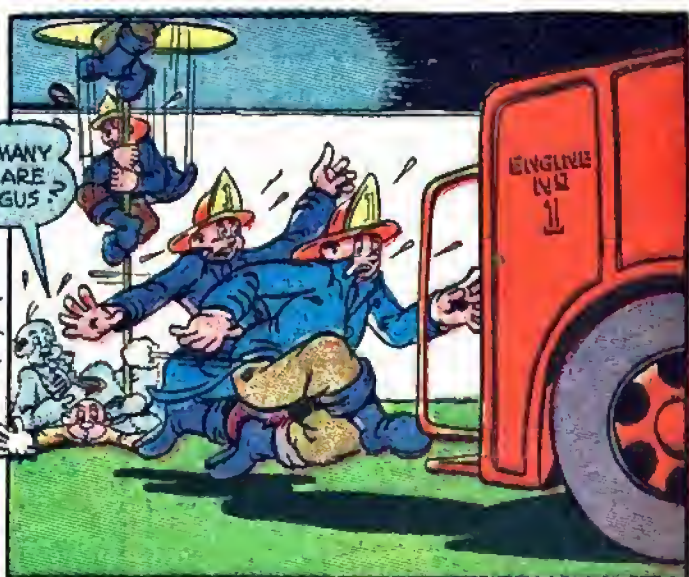








HOW MANY  
MORE ARE  
THERE, GUS?



HANG ON, GABBY! WE'RE  
GONNA FOLLOW 'EM!



GOLLY-THIS IS COLLOSSAL.  
GABBY MUST BE A  
FOUR-ALARM JOB!

YEAH, LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE. WE'LL NEVER  
FIND THE TWO GUYS IN  
THIS 'MOB.'



SO WHAT? WE'RE SURE TO  
HAVE AT LEAST A DOZEN  
PROSPECTS IN THIS  
BLAZE!

IXNAY ON THAT  
FREELANCE STUFF  
YOU KNOW PETE'S  
ATTITUDE ON  
PICKUPS.



BUT-BUT  
GUS!

DON'T ARGUE. I'M LOOKING FOR A  
BODY- AND I'M NOT FUSSY WHOSE  
IT IS!

AH-A  
PROSPECT!







MEANWHILE

GUS HAS BEEN UP THERE AN AWFULLY LONG TIME-I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK.



THIS IS WHERE HE WENT IN -

HEY GUS WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG?



COUGH-COUGH I CAME UP HERE FOR JUST ONE GUY- AND TRYING TO FIND HIM IN THIS BLAZING SMOKE- I END UP WITH A WHOLE MOB OF 'EM- CAN'T FIGURE WHICH ONE I WANT.



WHY NOT TOSS 'EM BELOW WHERE YOU CAN GIVE 'EM THE ONCE-OVER WITHOUT ALL THIS SMOKE.



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, GABBY, THIS IS OKAY.

THAT'S THE LAST ONE. COME ON, GUS, LET'S GO DOWN AN' LOOK 'EM OVER



HEY-WHAT THE? THEY'RE ALL GONE!



WE'LL LISTEN TO THAT.

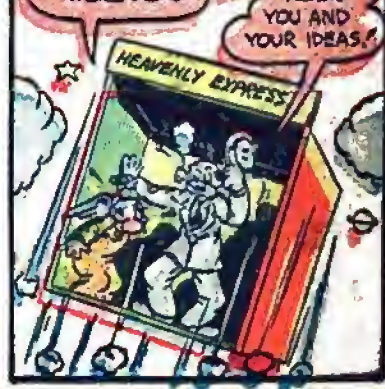
WE JUST GOT 'EM IN THE AMBULANCE IN THE NICK OF TIME

IT'S A MIRACLE JOE- HOW THOSE GUYS EVER JUMPED OUT THAT WINDOW BECAUSE THEY WERE ALL PRETTY FAR GONE



WELL, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR NOT MAKING SURE THOSE STIFFS WERE DEAD

NEVER MIND THE ALIBIS- YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!





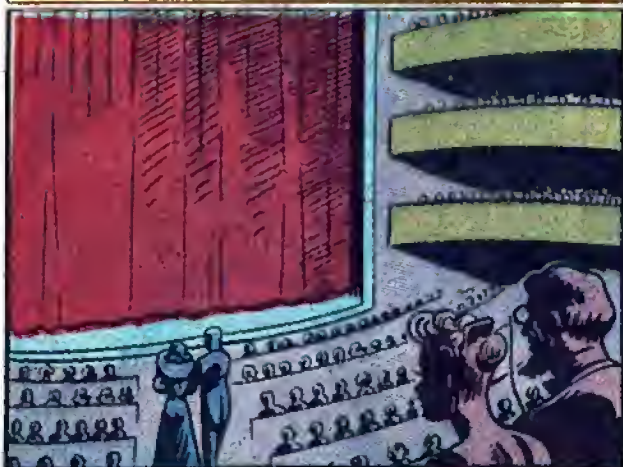
# Black HOOD

THE BLACK HOOD AND THE CROW!  
THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE OPERA AND  
THE ACTORS ARE GOING THROUGH THEIR  
ROLES—SUDDENLY A DISCORDANT NOTE  
PIERCES THE AIR, A DEATHLY BLACK  
FORM LANCES ONTO THE STAGE AND  
CROAKS AN ARIA OF 'DEATH—THE  
CROW STRIKES AGAIN!'





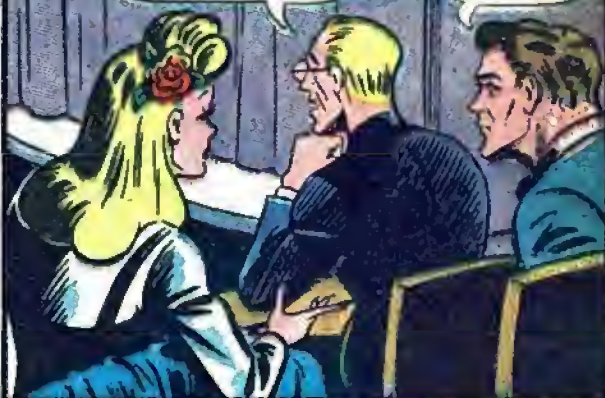
**4** GALA NIGHT-THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE, SURGING WITH SOCIETY FOLKS, HERALDS THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF THE NEW OPERA "LA SANDRA!"



BARBARA SUTTON INTRODUCES KIP TO THE PRODUCER OF THE OPERA!

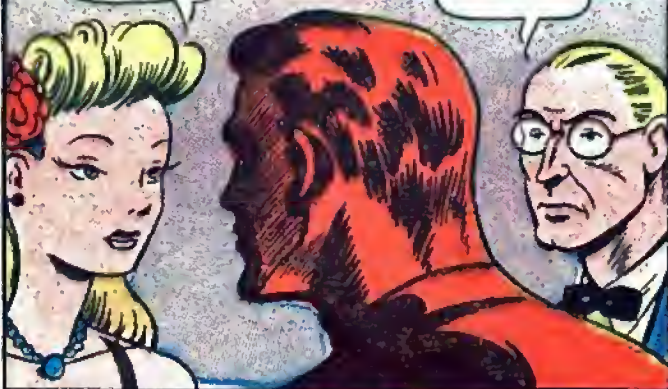
I'M WORRIED-I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE BY CASTING PAGINI IN MY OPERA!

WHO'S PAGINI?



WHY, KIP-YOU KNOW LESS ABOUT OPERA THAN I THOUGHT! PAGINI USED TO HAVE THE GREATEST SINGING VOICE IN THE WORLD!

YES, NO-ONE WAS GREATER THAN PAGINI! I WANTED TO SEE HIM MAKE A COMEBACK, SO I GAVE HIM A SMALL ROLE IN THIS OPERA!



MEANWHILE, BACKSTAGE, PAGINI PREPARES FOR THE COMEBACK WITH A LITTLE "COUGH MEDICINE".



CURSE IT! HERE COMES THAT SNOOPING SOPRANO-SHE'S ALWAYS CONCERNED ABOUT ME!



PLEASE DON'T DRINK ANY MORE, PAGINI! PLEASE-YOU WERE SUCH A GREAT SINGER, BEFORE YOU TOOK TO DRINKING AND-

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I WAS A GREAT SINGER? HIC-I- STILL AM-HIG-NO-ONE'S GREATER THAN PAGINI!





THE CURTAIN RISES AND--

PEST-YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!  
GRAB HOLD OF YOURSELF--  
IT'S YOUR CUE TO SING!



**HIC-**

DRUNK AM I? WE'LL  
SEE IF MY VOICE IS  
KILLED--HIC-PAG-  
G-GINI IS AS GREAT  
AS HE EVER WAS!



OH-TRUE LOVE OF  
MY LIFE-AWRRK-  
AWRRK!!!

GREAT GHOSTS OF  
CARUSO! HE'S SINGING  
FLAT AS BARLEY  
SOUP

HMM-IT  
SOUNDS JUST  
LIKE OPERA  
DOES TO ME  
ALL THE  
TIME!

SOON THE FIRST ACT IS  
MERCIFULLY OVER--

ISN'T IT AWFUL?  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT'S THE GREAT  
PAGINI!

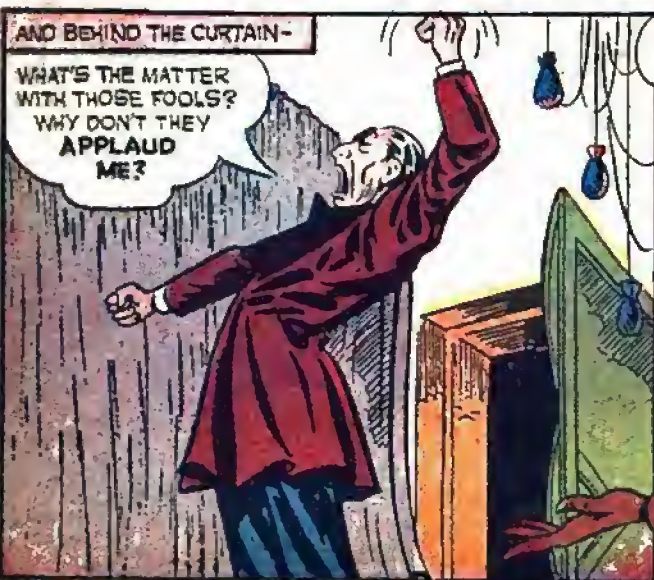
EVEN IN  
THAT SMALL  
PART, HE'S  
RUINING THE  
OPERA!



AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN--

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH THOSE FOOLS?  
WHY DON'T THEY  
APPLAUD  
ME?

I'M AS GOOD AS I EVER WAS--  
HIC-WHO SAYS I'M NOT?-HIC-  
ANSWER ME!





WHILE PAGINI RANTS ONSTAGE, THE PROPERTY MAN COLLECTS THE ITEMS NEEDED FOR THE NEXT ACT--



ACCIDENTALLY, HE TIPS OVER THE CAGE--



OUT FLIES A CROW--



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY VOICE, NOW?

ER-AH-

WELL-  
IT'S-



CAW!

CAW!

CAW!



HASTILY, THE PROPERTY MAN HURRIES ONSTAGE TO RETRIEVE THE CROW--

WHY YOU G\*  
! ? O # S \*  
I'LL KILL  
YOU!

TAKE IT EASY,  
PAGINI! IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT!



MOCK MY SINGING,  
WILL YOU? ME, THE  
GREAT PAGINI! YOU'LL  
MOCK THE WORMS  
IN YOUR GRAVE!











NOW I AM  
INDEED-  
CROW!



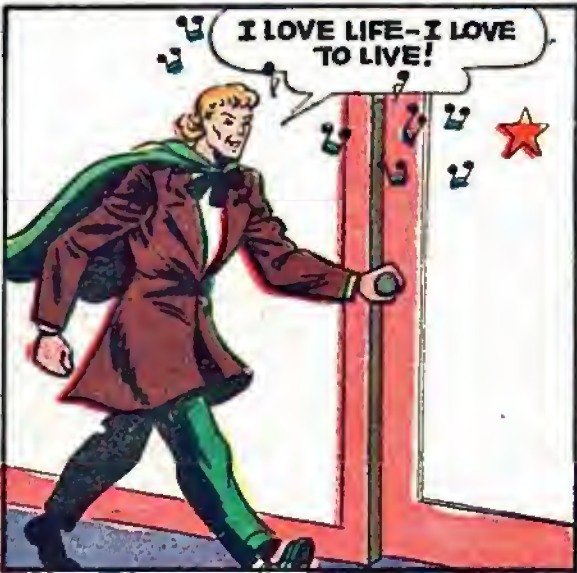
SLOWLY, STEALTHILY, THE BLACK  
MONSTER SLINKS ALONG THE  
OPERA-HOUSE CORRIDOR-HIS  
INTENTIONS-MURDER!



MEANWHILE-AT THE CLOSE OF  
THE SECOND ACT-

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR! YOU'VE  
REALLY RESCUED THAT PART,  
AFTER WHAT PAGINI DID TO  
IT IN THE FIRST ACT!

THANK  
YOU!



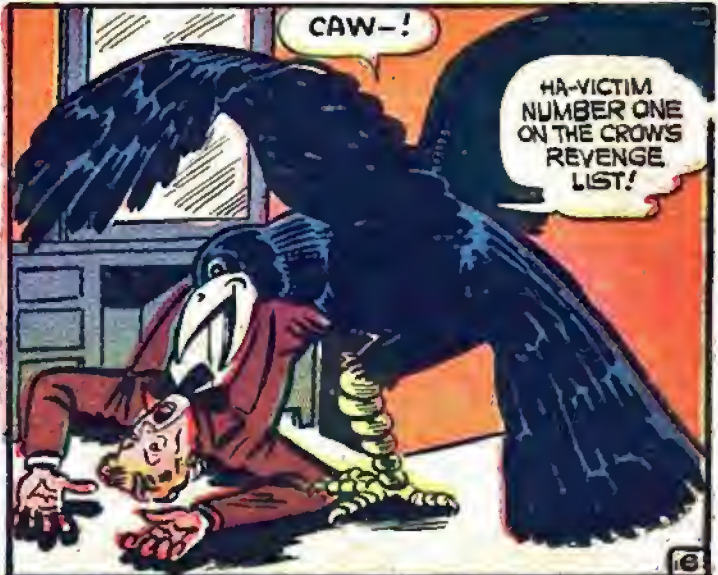
I LOVE LIFE-I LOVE  
TO LIVE!



I'LL JUST SPRAY MY  
THROAT BEFORE I GO  
DOWN FOR THE  
THIRD ACT!



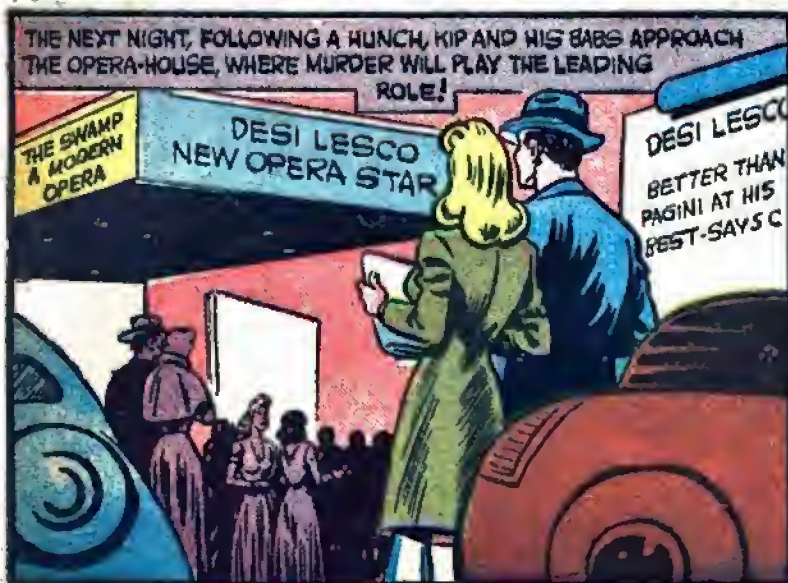
AAARRRGHGH!  
MY THROAT--



CAW--!

HA-VICTIM  
NUMBER ONE  
ON THE CROWS  
REVENGE  
LIST!







SO FAR, SO GOOD! I TALKED  
THE MANAGEMENT INTO CO-  
OPERATING WITH ME-NOW  
TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH  
ON THINGS!



OH, I WAIT FOR  
MY BELOVED  
IN THE  
SWAMP!



COME, WE MUST HIDE, MY DARLING! IF  
THEY FIND YOU, THEY WILL  
KILL YOU!



THEN-AS LESCO  
HIDES IN THE  
SWAMP--



GOT YOU TOO,  
AT LAST!



GREAT GHOSTS! OF ALL THE  
FANTASTIC  
GETUPS!



YOUR NUMBERS  
UP, CROW!

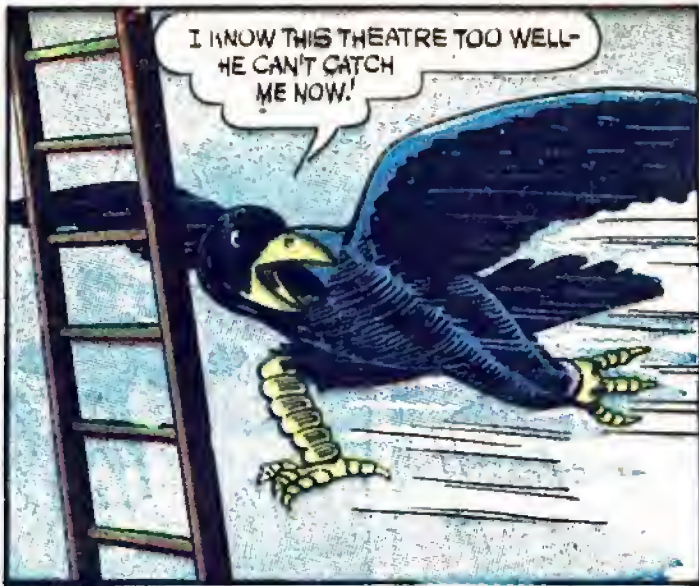




BAD ARITHMETIC-  
YOU DIDN'T COUNT  
ON THIS DID  
YOU?



I KNOW THIS THEATRE TOO WELL-  
HE CAN'T CATCH  
ME NOW!



C'MON, BLACK HOOD.  
I GOTTA S'PRISE  
FOR YOU!



JUST A LITTLE CLOSER,  
BLACK HOOD  
AND---



WITH AMAZING SPEED, THE SPOTLIGHT  
COMES CRASHING DOWN!  
DESPERATELY, THE BLACK  
HOOD THROWS HIMSELF  
OUT OF ITS PATH---

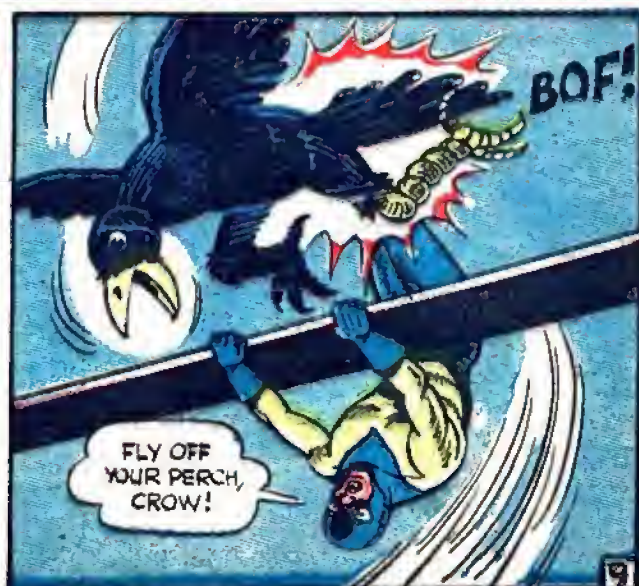
WOW-THAT  
WAS CLOSE!



THE CROW RUNS, BUT THE BLACK HOOD IS AFTER  
HIM IN A FLASH --



FLY OFF  
YOUR PERCH,  
CROW!





KNOCKED FROM HIS PERCH, THE  
CROW FALLS TOWARD THE  
STAGE "SWAMP"----



A RENDING  
CRASH AND--



IT'S  
PAGINI!



THE POOR FELLOW'S  
FOLLY FINALLY CAUGHT  
UP WITH HIM!



A SOMBER SHADOW FLUTTERS IN AND-----



-SINGS A FITTING  
REQUIEM!





# MURDER BY PROXY

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

by S. GORDON JAMES

**O**LD Gregory Michaels walked out of the doctor's office, his aged shoulders more stooped than usual, and a hard desperate look in his virulent eyes. Old Gregory was not a kindly man, even at his best. At this moment, he was feeling far from his best. He climbed into the front seat of his waiting car, and started up his motor.

Violently, the car shot forward, gained speed, and soon was careening through the streets at a dangerous speed. A dog was ambling across. Michaels could not possibly have failed to see it, and yet his foot did not ease an inch on the accelerator.

At the last split second, a blue-uniformed figure shot out from seemingly nowhere, and scooped up the small pup a split second before the car could strike.

Quickly, patrolman Kip Burland wheeled to get the license number of the fleeing car. But it was too late. It had already turned a corner, and was out of sight.

"Of all the rotten, inhuman

things I've ever seen," he muttered savagely.

Fortunately, he had seen the old man coming out of the doctor's office, and so decided to pay a call on the doctor, himself.

\* \* \*

Gregory Michaels entered his house, and looked malevolently at the man and woman who awaited him. The woman was his wife, Gloria. Very young, considering her husband's age. And very attractive. The man was John Malcolm, Michaels' attorney. It was the latter who spoke first. "I got your message just a while ago, and hurried over here as fast as I could, Gregory!"

"And as usual, you got here before I did," Michaels sneered. "I hope my devoted wife found your company entertaining . . . as she usually does."

Gloria flushed.

"That's a rotten thing to say," Malcolm retorted hotly. "Yes. I love your wife. And I've never made any secret of it. But she's always been faith-

ful to you. More so than you deserve, you sour old cad. Now just what was it you wanted me for? You know I don't want to be your attorney any longer."

"I told you I wanted my will changed, didn't I? Well, I've changed my mind. Gloria will be my beneficiary after all."

Gloria gasped and Malcolm goggled in amazement. But before either could speak, Michaels turned and walked out of the room. "Well, good night," he yawned. "I'm tired and I'm going to bed."

It was shortly after that, that the grim figure of the Black Hood approached the Michaels mansion. Just then, a horrible shriek pierced the night. It came from a bedroom window, upstairs.

Like a panther, the Hood streaked into the house, and up the steps. He burst into the bedroom, and there, slumped on the floor, by his desk, was the figure of Gregory Michaels. And standing over him were his wife, and



In a flash, Malcolm leaped forward and crashed through the French windows. But quick as he was, the Black Hood was quicker. He intercepted him before he could hurdle the balcony onto the lawn below. There was a short struggle. Then the Hood pressed a nerve center in back of Malcolm's neck, and he slumped.

"That he murdered himself. Or more technically, committed suicide. You see, I had occasion to question a doctor whom Mr. Michaels visited a short while ago. The doctor informed me that he had just given Mr. Michaels a short time to live. A VERY SHORT TIME! Then the doctor noticed a strange thing. A bottle of potassium ferrocyanide was missing . . . the same type of

"And he might have gotten away with it," the Hood went on, as though talking to himself, "if he hadn't been mean enough to be indifferent to a dog's life."

[illegible]



# Bentley

OF SCOTLAND YARD

ACROSS THE LONELY MOOR OF DEVONSHIRE, FLOATS THE EERIE WAIL OF A HOUND-----A PHANTOM HOUND. IF THE LEGEND OF DEVONSHIRE CASTLE CONTAINS ANY TRUTH! FOR, AS THE STORY GOES, WHEN THE PHANTOM HOUND BAYS, ONE MEMBER OF THE DEVONSHIRE CLAN IS TO DIE THAT NIGHT!

THAT CURSED HOUND AGAIN! WHEN WILL OUR FAMILY HEAR THE LAST OF IT!

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT LEGEND, DAD! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND PLEASE DON'T!





THIS CAVE IS WHERE THAT BAYING SEEMED TO COME FROM!



NOTHING IN HERE! IT WAS PROBABLY A STRAY WOLF.



I'M SURPRISED AT DAD BELIEVING IN THOSE FAIRY CURSES IN THIS DAY AND AGE!



ROGER SUDDENLY TURNS ---- AND HIS EYES GROW WIDE IN HORROR.

GREAT GOD! IT--- CAN'T BE! STAY BACK! STAY BACK!

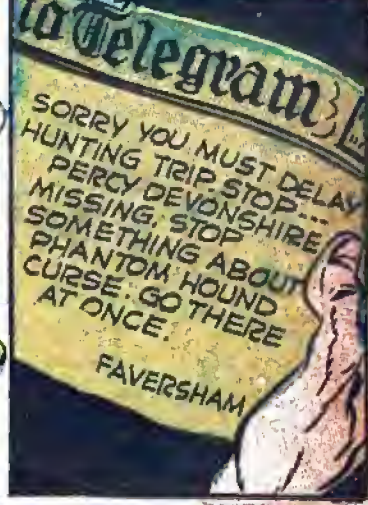
NEXT NIGHT IN ANOTHER PART OF ENGLAND



BENTLEY! TELEGRAM FOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!

HERE SON,

TO THE TRAIN



SORRY YOU MUST DELAY HUNTING TRIP. STOP... PERCY DEVONSHIRE MISSING. STOP SOMETHING ABOUT PHANTOM HOUND CURSE. GO THERE AT ONCE.

FAVERSHAM



JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A REAL VACATION FOR A FEW WEEKS! WELL, ORDERS ARE ORDERS.



BENTLEY IS MET AT THE STATION, BY THE HANDY MAN OF DEVONSHIRE CASTLE.



HOP IN SIR! I'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN JIG-TIME.





KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PERCY'S DISAPPEARANCE?

THE PHANTOM HOUND, SIR, IT GOT HIM.



HOW DO YOU DO, MR BENTLEY. I'M SIR CLAUDE OF DEVONSHIRE. WON'T COME IN?

THANK YOU!



MY WIFE, LADY AGATHA.

ROGER, THE CARE TAKER.

MY DAUGHTER, CHRIS TINE.

MY BROTHER, SIR REGINALD.

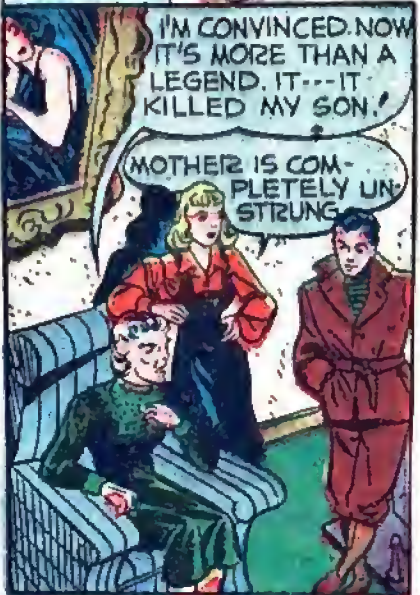


OH (SOB, SOB) ITS TOO HORRIBLE. I KNEW WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE RETURNED TO THE CASTLE.

THERE, THERE, MOTHER.



YOU SEE BENTLEY, WE RARELY VISIT DEVONSHIRE CASTLE ANY MORE, THE PHANTOM LEGEND YOU KNOW.



I'M CONVINCED NOW IT'S MORE THAN A LEGEND. IT---IT KILLED MY SON!

MOTHER IS COMPLETELY UNSTRUNG.



I COULD STAND SOME SLEEP MYSELF.

I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS.



LATER THAT NIGHT

WHAT'S THAT?



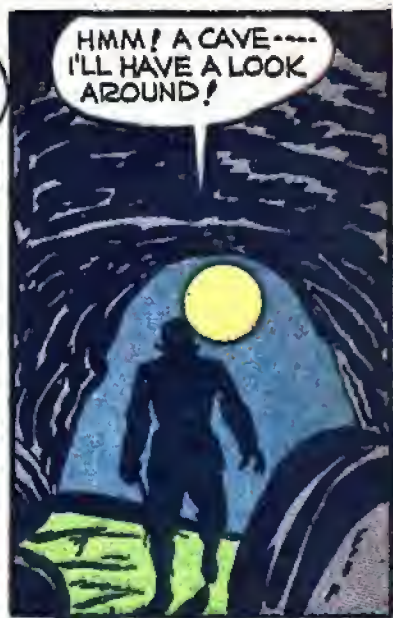
BENTLEY DONS HIS CLOTHES AND MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS.



THAT BAYING--- IT SEEMED TO HAVE COME FROM HERE!



HMM! A CAVE---- I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



SUDDENLY BY JOVE!! A--A HOUND



AS THE MONSTROUS BEAST ATTACKS, BENTLEY, HE GIVES HIS CANE A QUICK FLIP AND A SWORD IS DRAWN FORTH.



LET'S SEE IF A GHOST-HOUND CAN WITHSTAND SOLID STEEL



THEN FROM BEHIND



LATER BENTLEY WHAT HAPPENED?



SIR REGINALD!





GEN. EY KNOWS THE CULPRIT!-- DO YOU ?

1. LADY AGATHA
2. CHRISTINE
3. SIR REGINALD
4. ROGER, THE CARETAKER
5. SIR CLAUDE

MARK YOUR CHOICE ALONGSIDE OF ONE OF THE NAMES--- NOW TURN THE PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION!







# WORLD WONDERS

# ARABS

HUNT AND KILL  
ELEPHANTS  
BY CREEPING  
UPON THEM IN  
THEIR SLEEP  
TO SLASH OFF  
THE TRUNK ...  
THE BEAST  
BLEEDS TO DEATH!

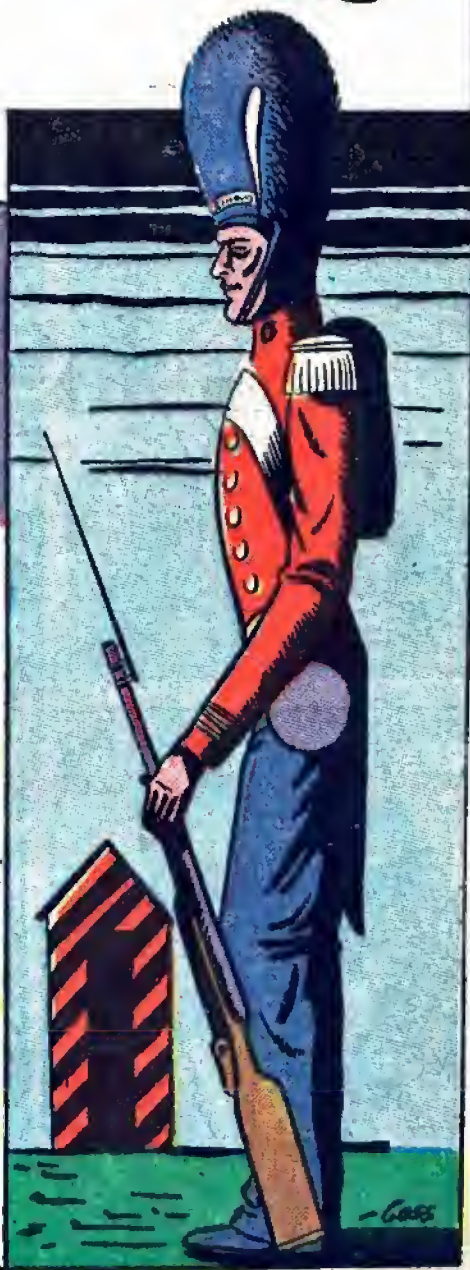
**IN THEIR ELABORATE BURIAL**  
**ANCIENT EGYPTIANS REMOVED**  
**THE HEART OF THE MUMMY AND**  
**INSERTED IN ITS PLACE A PRECIOUS**  
**RUBY OR EMERALD!**

**GRENADIER  
GUARDS\***

ARE NAMED FOR  
THE FIRST  
HAND GRENADE  
TROOPS - 192-  
GRENADES WERE  
SO DANGEROUS  
THAT ONLY THE  
TALLEST,  
STRONGEST,  
BRAVEST,  
DARED TO  
HANDLE THEM!

THE FIERCELY  
NAMED  
**DRAGON FLY**

NEITHER BITES  
NOR STINGS.....  
IT IS A MOST  
VALUABLE INSECT  
AND EATS FLIES,  
AND MOSQUITOES.





# THE BLACK HOOD

## MYSTERY



**I** THE BLACK HOOD,  
DO SOLEMNLY  
SWEAR THAT  
NEITHER THREATS  
NOR BRIBES NOR  
BULLETS NOR  
DEATH ITSELF-  
SHALL KEEP ME  
FROM FULFILLING  
MY SACRED VOW..  
TO ERASE CRIME  
FROM THE FACE  
OF THE EARTH!!







HIYA, DEMON  
REPORTER!  
WORKING  
HARD?

KIP BURLAND!  
I WISH YOU WOULD  
NT SNEAK IN ON ME!

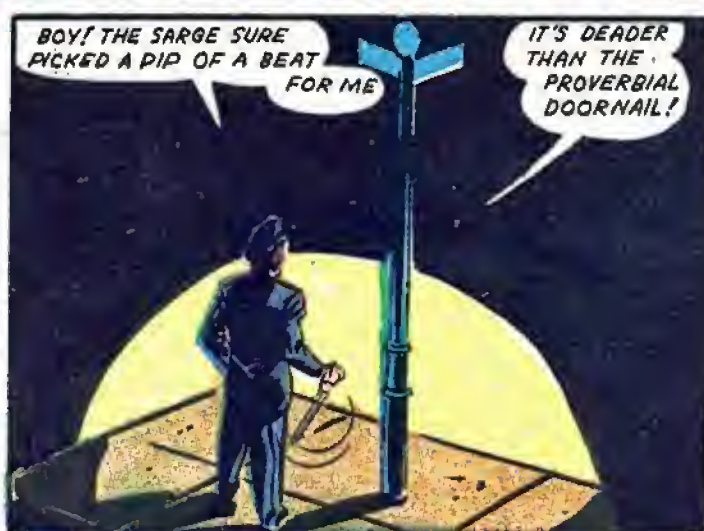


JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN  
ON MY WAY BY AND SAY  
HELLO, BABS!



WELL, SO LONG  
GAL! I'M OFF TO  
FIGHT CRIME -  
OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK,  
KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE  
PICKED A PIP OF A BEAT  
FOR ME

IT'S DEADDER  
THAN THE  
PROVERBIAL  
DOORNAIL!



OH, OH! I  
SPOKE TOO  
SOON!



WHAT'S UP  
LADY?

OH, THANK  
HEAVENS YOU  
CAME, OFFICER.  
MY BUTLER'S  
DEAD!



WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I SEE YOU'VE  
GOT KIP BACK  
IN HARNESS.  
SERGEANT  
MCGINTY

YES, BARBARA. AND HE'LL  
STAY THERE IF HE KEEPS  
OUTA TROUBLE, DAGNABBIT!

THE TROUBLE WITH KIP IS  
HE'S TOO SCIENTIFIC! NOW  
TAKE ME F'RINSTANCE,  
I'VE BEEN..

... "ON THE FORCE  
FOR TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS, AND YOU'VE  
ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS  
WITH THE END O' YOUR  
NIGHTSTICK" UNQUOTE!

WELL, IT'S  
TRUE!

ANYWAY, I  
GAVE KIP A  
BEAT THAT'LL  
KEEP HIM OUTA  
TROUBLE!

HELLO!  
YES! THIS IS  
MCGINTY!  
WHAT!  
DAGNABBIT...

THAT WAS BURLAND! SO YOU  
SOMEBODY WAS  
STABBED TO DEATH  
AT 17 KEW PLACE.  
LET'S GO, MEN!  
THAT WOULD  
KEEP HIM  
OUT OF TROUBLE  
EH, SARGE!

HELLO, SARGE!  
YOU SURE  
GOT HERE  
FAST!

WHERE'S  
THE BODY,  
KIP?

IN THE NEXT ROOM. BUT  
DON'T MESS UP ANY  
FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T BE TELLIN'  
ME MY BUSINESS!  
ME, WHO'S BEEN ON  
THE FORCE FER 25  
YEARS!



YEP, HE'S DEAD,  
ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL  
ASK SOME QUESTIONS!  
WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS.  
MARION. THIS  
IS MY HOME—  
AND THE DEAD  
MAN WAS MY  
BUTLER

AND I AM KALIMAR,  
MYSTIC AND SPIRITU-  
ALIST! AT YOUR  
SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURN-  
ED FROM KALI-  
MAR'S PLACE—  
WHERE I WAS IN  
COMMUNION WITH  
MY LATE  
HUSBAND

SPIRITU-  
ALISM!  
HOOEY!

I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT  
"HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I  
SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU  
A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME  
YOU  
PLEASE!

ANYWAY, SERGEANT,  
I GAVE THE EVEN-  
ING OFF TO MY  
DOMESTICS, WHILE  
I ATTENDED THE  
SEANCE!

THEN WHAT WAS  
YOUR BUTLER  
DOING IN THE  
HOUSE?

THAT'S OBVIOUS!  
HE MUST HAVE  
RETURNED UNEX-  
PECTEDLY!

I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER  
KNEW THERE'D BE NO  
ONE HERE—SO HE RE-  
TURNED TO ROB THE  
HOUSE!

AND MURDERED  
HIMSELF AFTER  
HE'D DONE IT, I  
SUPPOSE!

NONE O'  
YER SARCASM,  
BURLAND!

I'VE GOT THE  
FINGERPRINTS  
OFF THIS KNIFE  
SARGE!

NICE WORK  
MOONEY!

WE'LL CHECK  
'EM AT HEAD-  
QUARTERS!



IN THE FINGERPRINT  
DEPARTMENT AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

I'LL HAVE THESE  
FINGERPRINTS  
PHOTOSTATED IN A  
MINUTE, SARGE!

HERE THEY  
ARE!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL  
CHECK 'EM WITH THE  
PRINTS WE GOT IN  
OUR FILES!

NOW TO FIND  
THE GUY THESE  
PRINTS BELONG  
TO - IF WE'VE  
GOT A RECORD  
OF HIM!

WOW! WE GOT  
'IM! MCGINTY  
DOES IT AGAIN!

HERE IT IS,  
SARGE!

SNAKES O'  
ST. PATRICK!  
IT...IT CAN'T  
BE!



NOW ALL YOU'VE  
GOT TO DO IS DIG  
HIM UP, SARGE  
AND YOU'VE  
GOT YOUR  
MURDERER!

B...BUT  
HOW  
COULD A  
DEAD MAN'S  
PRINTS GET  
ON THAT  
KNIFE?

OUTSIDE...

WHAT DO  
YOU MAKE  
OF IT KIP?

I'M JUST AS  
PUZZLED AS  
POOR SARGE,  
BABS!





ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS.. SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT KNIFE ?



GLASS EYE...  
HMM... SAY BABS DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FORTUNE TELLER'S EYES ?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, YES! ONE OF HIS EYES SEEMED TO BE MADE OF GLASS!



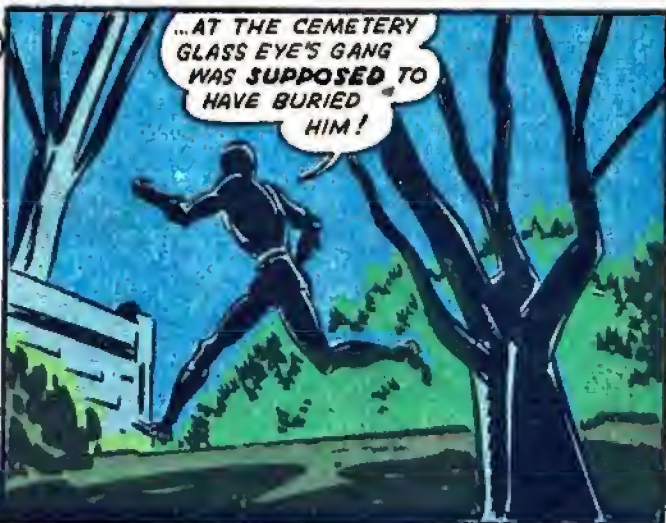
EXACTLY! THAT MAY OR MAY NOT MEAN ANYTHING - BUT DO SOMETHING FOR ME WILL YOU, BABS?

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. YOU WANT ME TO GET A FINGER-PRINT OF KALIMAR, EH?... CONSIDER IT DONE!



AFTER BABS LEAVES...

MEANWHILE THE BLACK HOOD WILL DO SOME INVESTIGATING...



...AT THE CEMETERY GLASS EYE'S GANG WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED HIM!

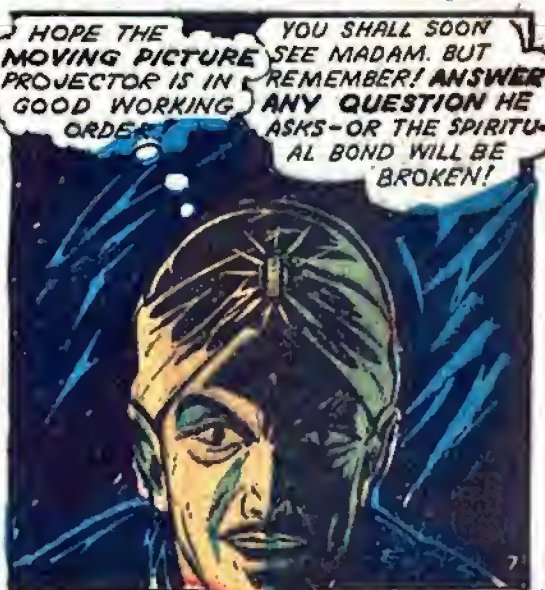
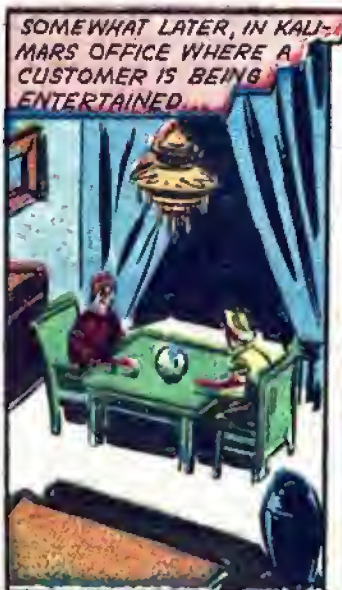


HERE'S GLASS EYE'S GRAVE!



EMPTY !!







THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS,  
AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDI-  
ATELY AS LIGHTED UP BY AN  
OCEARTHLY GLOW...

IT... IT'S  
CHARLES, MY  
HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE  
NOT MUCH  
TIME. ANSWER  
QUICKLY!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE  
WITH THE  
MONEY I  
LEFT YOU?

BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE  
ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO  
DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT  
HAPPENED,  
KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW!  
... PERHAPS  
SOME INTERFER-  
ENCE FROM THE  
ASTRAL WORLD!

NO, KALIMAR!  
IT'S INTER-  
FERENCE  
FROM THE  
BLACK HOOD

WH...  
WHAT?

I KNOW YOU, GANNET  
IN SPITE OF THAT NICE  
PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD  
DONE ON YOUR  
FACE!

I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET-GET-  
TING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE  
THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES-THEN  
ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED  
MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER  
BUTLER!

ALL RIGHT, BLAST  
YOU! YOU'RE ONTO  
ME, BUT YOU WON'T  
GET ME!

THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR  
REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT  
YOU'LL BE SINGING A  
DIFFERENT TUNE...

... BEFORE I'M  
THROUGH  
WITH YOU!



NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS—IN BLUE UNIFORMS!

...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!

DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

BANG

DON'T MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!

NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...

THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER. DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!

CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!

YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!

KIP! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!





# SMASHING BOOK OFFER

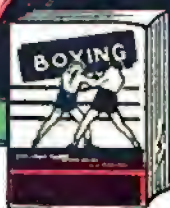
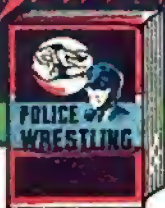
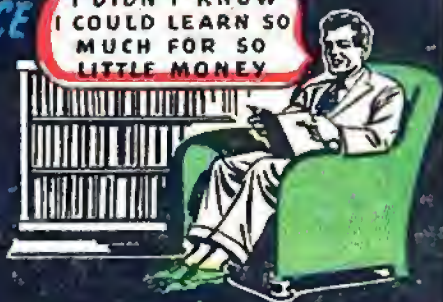
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I'D MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB,  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



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STEPS**

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BLACKHEADS**

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COUPON  
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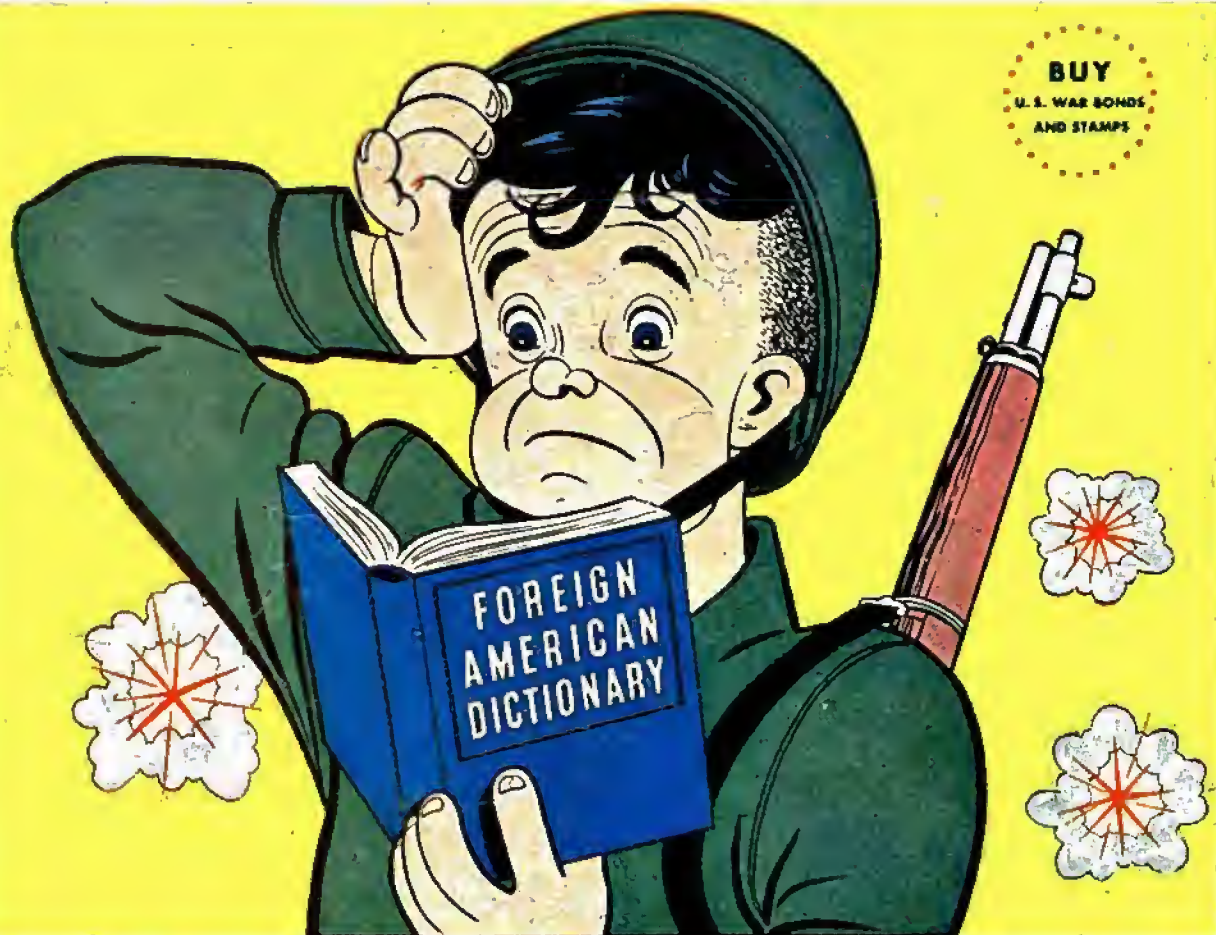
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